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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"*Quam mems grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSIS.
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES.*"

NOVEMBER, 1879.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Fifth Volume with the number for October, 1879. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

JOHN A. AMUNDSON,

ALFRED B. NICHOLS,

WILLIAM M. HALL,

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

COLLEGE ETHICS.

IT is a fashion of the day to approach certain subjects on their negative side. We have heard much and recently of college scepticism, of college vices, of collegiate shortcomings in general; and, in a wider field, the negative characteristics of the age are emphasized until at times there comes over one the sense of secure danger that attends a child when standing on the edge of a quiet pool and viewing the abyss of sky and cloud below him. Even the child knows that this stretch of space is overhead, and that the laws of gravitation will hold; nevertheless the inverted firmament has a strange charm.

Somewhat in the same way, while of good faith at heart that progress is not regress, and that the laws of the moral and social universe will endure, we like to look down into the seeming void, and watch the inversions of those impulses and principles which will exist while humanity exists, whose presence these negative semblances themselves attest. The danger, in both cases perhaps, is imaginary; but there results the loss of an inspiration which, while not affecting facts, is too serviceable an energizer of thought and action to be lightly dispensed with. One is drawn to an insistance on the

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other view if for nothing more than an offset to the modern version of the old burden, *Vanitas vanitatum*—a version having its root in a discontent which is as deep an evil as the defects and abuses it deprecates.

Under the limitations of college questions, an obstacle to the positive treatment presents itself in the fact that one admittedly deals with a transition stage. Ours is the fault of youth; and inexperienced in the more enigmatic sides of life we have not been forced into that interrogative mental attitude from which spring decisive and permanent results. There is nothing in such an admission to vitiate our reasons for writing. That a position is no position, because not decisive and permanent, is a crude error. One must, it is true, be on his guard against accepting as conclusions what are only processes, and hold himself ready to admit that happy contingency of progress which attaches inalienably to all things human—even the most mature convictions. Still processes foreshadow results, and so universal a factor as change cannot be suffered to nullify the present in order to throw into relief the possibilities of the future.

Aside from all considerations of after influences, we bring from our American homes a mental deposit to which mere antecedence of time gives a fundamental character. For the most unthinking there are

“Familiar things so old the heart believes them true.”

To this deposit these personal influences, together with the national spirit of sturdy enterprise and honest thrift, give a weight and value not to be hastily estimated. There is an air of the trite and commonplace about “home influences,” but the trite and commonplace form a large part of life. I believe that under the vague phrases “moral stamina,” “back-bone,” “character,” lies an historical meaning yet unexplored, which is worthy of examination, though it irk our infant philosophers and sophists to acknowledge the homely debt,—homely only through lenses of the falsest outline.

Young as we are, we have passed nearly a score of years as scholars, and it is not the studies of Yale, prospective or present, that most make us what we are to-day. The largest debt that we owe to the Past is due, not so much to the wise forethought and self-denial that founded this university, as to the larger spirit of integrity, honor, faith in man, and trust in God which has endowed us with what we individually have to make us worth the added culture which the more worldly virtues have rendered possible. It is this inheritance that subsists. Through all the eddies of tendency and progress an inherited self-poise serves to steady the craft,—the weight of a habit of thought, which merges with time into a personal creed, that the best is, through and above all, the right and true. It may be formulated under odd shapes—there is nothing like age, I suppose, for settling ideas into the old moulds—most often it is not formulated at all, not even by being lived up to. But it is there with a constant self-assertion that bears its secret fruit. We scatter the dust of our ignorance and crudity over all subjects of debate, failing to see that Knowledge holds her higher truths as unsullied and immovable as the physical laws which we find so unswerving; that with these and those alike is “no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” We go to Spencer or Huxley or Arnold for our talking theories, “just as we send to England for shrubs which grow as well in our own door-yards and cow-pastures;” but we go to our memories and affections for our working ones, and whithersoever our roaming notions take us, we come back to the thought of the characters we most love and honor; of the lives after which we most wish to model ours; of the hopes we are to disappoint or fulfill. Here is a sheet-anchor until we can trim our sails and adventure ourselves. “Life is always rich,” says Emerson, “and spontaneous graces and forces elevate it in every domestic circle, which are overlooked while we are reading something less excellent in old authors.”

And these ever draw into clearer and clearer light the more immediate and practical questions, attracting with a readier, and yet recompensing, solution. That there is

success and success ; its quality in our own eyes and in the eyes of others ; the choice of a sphere of action ; the discharge of daily tasks ;—all engage a real interest and earnestness. Then it is that we fall back on the time-honored notions as indispensable, whatever be our attitude to their ultimate principles or widest applications. We may have little perception of the Golden Rule as revealing the Divine ; we may give it none of its broader human import, but in a narrow field of practical utility we acquiesce in its beneficent working. Nor is this field so narrow. For individuals with none of what are called natural responsibilities ; free each to follow his own selfish interests, and, in a way, impressed with the belief that this at present is his first duty ; uninfluenced by many of the inducements toward generous action which come into play elsewhere ;—under such conditions of irresponsible freedom I find the higher social virtues to have a singularly general and active vitality. We are none of us heroes, but I have known of heroic actions ; we are all very far from saints, but I have seen impulses strike into deeds and principles exemplified in life, which, while consciously disowning the higher inspiration, unconsciously approved it. Trees—even saplings—are still known by their fruits.

As we grow into wants we seek the means to satisfy them. Life is novel and absorbing with its minor claims of intellectual, physical and social interests. We are full of the zest of living, and the power of the stream keeps its arrowy current to a narrow channel ; when the duller flats of life are reached, there will be time to look back and put living enthusiasm into words, to bewail our dead ones. But now we have few wants ; what the day brings engages the attention. It is not that we are indifferent, lacking in character, sceptical ; we have not time for generalizations on right and wrong because we must act and would act well. The discipline of the lecture room, the ball field, the platform, as also the quieter friction of books or companions, is rounding off the man that is to be, by a process which is not the superficial one the figure suggests. It is useless to polish a block of granite if it be

not certain that beauty lies within. But human beings are not stones; the poorest in resources has myriads of subtle relationships which bind him by bonds stronger than steel, to all the existing in the universe. Thin away the crust that dulls his senses and you open to him a revelation that does not cease with Time.

And, above all, exists and springs the recognition of the grand justice and unswerving sovereignty of law,—the iron decree that on ill-doing follows swiftly and surely the penalty. It may be but a single step toward the heights of Ethics, but it is no trivial one. It is conceded that he who toils wins the prize; that he who seeks to be a man grows into the fuller manhood; while he who wastes his talents of health, abilities, or whatsoever they may be, reaps in turn no distant or doubtful harvest. The subtle interdependence of this principle with the higher, may not be seen;—it never will be seen in its whole extent and meaning. The dim feelings that at intervals touch one and are gone, are premonitory ripples of the deepening and widening sea our prow points toward. “Confusions of a wasted youth” are resolved by the light of after years into the surf through which every boat must be launched. Grant but the rudder that faith in Law gives, and the tossing and swerving in the currents of the shore will distress us little. And that I believe we have. On recognition of the might of Law comes love for its beneficence; then the vision of its beauty dawns, ray by ray, to a day which shines on a new heaven and a new earth. Lives that seemed strange and foreign, words which were dry and meaningless, slowly,—not all at once—take nearness, beauty and significance. The earlier affections deepen and widen to sweep away the centuries and bring Hebrew law-giver and Greek philosopher, Christian martyr and Pagan hero, into the inner circle of individual interest and love. Believe that the tendency points thitherward; that the march is at least turned toward the city walled by Eternal Law, over whose gates stands as rule of life: “As thou sowest so shalt thou also reap,” and no room is left for negations. “He that plants his foot here,” says Emerson

again, "passes at once out of the kingdom of illusions. Others may well suffer in the hideous picture of crime with which earth is filled and the life of society threatened, but the habit of respecting that great order which certainly contains and will dispose of our little system, will take all fear from the heart."

Life here is real and earnest. We do not keep saying so;—why should we? But under the eager hum of the swift days of term and the swifter ones of vacation an attentive ear can catch the note of a string of too full a meaning for an indifferent or cynical listener, but unbroken and unquavering. As our inheritance we have faith in Law; for our present the action of the day; for the future hope;—and by these three cords life is held steadily even by youthful hands.

Ask for a confession of faith;—you will at least learn that we believe life worth living for every man who is not a coward or a fool. We say with Clough:

"To see things simply as they are
Here at our elbows, transcends far
Trying to spy out at mid-day
Some bright particular star, which may,
Or not, be visible at night,
But clearly is not in daylight."

Is that Negation?

HOMER.

Homer! almost three thousand years have fled
Since in th' Achaian halls thy voice arose,
Chanting the dirges of thy nation's foes,
And telling the brave deeds of valiant dead.
As then the Grecian warrior bowed his head
In sorrow, while he listened to the woes
Of Thetis' noble son, who glory chose,
Although its path swiftly to Orcus led;
And as his bosom heaved with martial pride,
Yet stronger than his grief, when from thy tongue
He heard the praises of the hero glide,
Like a rich melody from harp full-strung:
So weep I, knowing that thou too hast died;
So I rejoice, that thou hast lived and sung.

TO THE RIVER HOUSATONIC.

How I love the wild harmonic
Housatonic,
With its restless, tireless tide
Springing from the sparkling fountains
In the mountains
Where old Greylock towers in pride ;
Flowing thro' the pleasant valleys,
Where it rallies
Every rivulet in one ;
Winding thro' the daisied meadows,
And in shadows
Of o'erhanging mountains dun.

I have listened, awed with wonder,
To the thunder
Of its far off sounding fall,
When in vast, profound, sonorous,
Echoing chorus
It gave forth its midnight call.

And in contrast to its raving,
Seen it laving,
Murmuring music low and sweet,
Shining beaches, snowy sanded,
Where expanded
Still it slept a silvery sheet.

Rarely light-winged zephyr blurs it ;
Nothing stirs it
Save some slowly-sailing skiff ;
And within its clear and placid
Depths are glassèd
Fir and flower and frowning cliff.

It is beautiful by noonlight,
But by moonlight
Such a beauty there will dwell
That 'twill all the feelings capture
With the rapture
Of its spirit-breathing spell ;

Or when from the day the even
Veils the heaven,
And within its tranquil breast,
Where the watery depths are darkling,
Strangely sparkling,
Shine the stars in splendid rest.

E. W.

MOUNTAIN THOUGHTS.

MY brother and I had been spending the day upon one of the mountains of northern New England. As it drew toward sunset, we climbed the barren rock which crowned the mountain, and found ourselves alone upon the top. There was a bank of clouds in the west, which colored the sun dark red, as it sank behind them. Far to the north we caught a glimpse of Champlain's bosom, half veiled in clouds of mist. Toward the east we could see the outlines of the White Mountains, now growing fainter in the twilight. All about us lay the Green Mountains, like some giant herd resting for the night upon the plain below. On every side the ranges stretched beyond our sight, like a billowy mountain-sea. The wind blew chill, as though it had never played about the warm homes and lighted streets of men, but came to us from desolate fields of ice and snow.

We began to experience the sensations of utter loneliness. We had left all companions far below. The solitary hawk, which had been wheeling lazily in the afternoon's sun, was gone. No song of bird broke the stillness, nor was there any least companionable piping of frog or cricket. The sun was bearing the daylight away to the west, and the shadows were coming fast across the eastern mountain-tops, like the hosts of an invading army.

How strange it was! As we watched the sun sweep down into the clouds, we felt ourselves but two human atoms, borne resistlessly along on one point of the revolving universe. How vast the world was! How insignificant we! We looked down and saw valleys beyond valleys, peaks beyond peaks, till all was lost in the far distance. But all that we saw was but a fragment of one state; and what was that to the breadth of states stretching on and on to the Pacific, and what was that again to the length and breadth of a continent. Even a continent was but a small part of the earth's surface. And when

our thought had reached some dim conception of that mighty sphere, we looked up to the host of stars, and remembered that the earth was but one speck of the universe. So utter was the solitude that we felt as if the sun was our last friend. With a sort of regret we watched him as his last rays shot level from the horizon. His lower edge dipped behind the hills; they seemed to be engulfing him, and now we could only see a rim above, as of molten iron. With a sudden plunge, that also disappeared, and he had left us to the darkness. Our thoughts followed with him. How did we know that he would rise again on the morrow? True, he had never failed; but might he not any day stop his course, and leave us to our fate? What was it that guided him, as he brought us the joyous light, morning after morning? Who had hung in space the earth and sun, and ordained that magnificent revolution, never hurried, never weary, bearing night after day, morning again after night, seed-time after winter's cold, and harvest after summer's heat? The universe bowed before the majesty of law, and obeyed its mandates with unwavering fidelity, but where was the law-giver? Was he the Unknown and Unknowable, the far-off cause of all this mighty effect? Or could we feel, through the darkness and the vastness, the presence of the Omnipotent, brooding over the works which He had made?

Now the starry lamps were lighted on high, while the shades of evening were falling about us. We saw the farmers' houses by the water-courses in the valleys or nestled snugly under the mountain sides. How pleasant the hour! The day's labor was done. The horses were eating their well-earned grain. The cattle were ruminating placidly, like meditative philosophers, undisturbed by mundane things. The fowls had ceased their restless pursuit of fly and worm, and the bird mothers were brooding dreamily over their young. Within what good cheer! What pleasant gatherings about the evening board! What royal appetites, born of out-door toil in the mountain breezes! We thought of the "homes of

Merrie England," and wondered if they were one-half as happy as the homes we saw in the New England.

As we gazed upon those homes, our thoughts turned back to the home life which had once been our own. With a yearning akin to tears, we recalled the happy years of childhood, years of unbounded faith in father and mother, when the home circle was yet unbroken, and sister and brother played and quarreled with sudden tears and made up again with swift forgiveness, and each morning dawned upon us with

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."

Ah, well! Those years were gone forever. Time had hastened on apace, and ere we knew it we were awake, and lo! the fair vision was fled. Something had gone from our lives, and we felt an unutterable longing to live the happy years once more, that we might make them more and better. Too late!

"There are no birds in last year's nest."

School and college had opened to us another world, and we realized that we had gone out from the home circle, to return no more. Vacations might bring us back occasionally, but with a nameless pang we saw that our places had been filled, and they needed us no longer. The years had wrought their changes, and we felt that it could never be quite the same again.

The past faded into the gloom, and was gone. And what of the future? Into its mysteries we could not see. Hope was eager, and fancy pictured what perhaps it might be. But not yet, not yet. We were only boys, only beginning to be men. We had not won our spurs, and many a lesson was yet to learn, many a battle to win, ere we could hope to go forth as

"Joyous knights-errant of God."

But through the darkness there seemed to come some message of cheer. The wind blew fresh, as if it brought

words of encouragement out of the invisible. The stars shone with a kindly light, as if they would forever beacon our path. The west was still flushed with the warm sunlight. All over the valleys the cheery lights were flashing out from the homes of the farmers, and with buoyant hearts we left our eyrie, and ran down the mountain path.

M. E.

AMARI ALIQUID.

Supreme delight the gods grant none
Beneath the circling of the sun.
For you and me
Awaits, through summer's fervid glow
And winter's hurricanes of snow,
One fate in three.

A little bitterness of heart :—
That every life for aye apart
Must move, alone ;
That even our nearest can but guess
The secret soul's uneasiness,
As one unknown.

A little bitterness of life :—
To see, amid the eager strife
For what we scorn,
The thing we long for cast away,
Trodden or spurned by him who may,—
Our hearts forlorn.

A little bitterness of soul :—
A doubt if e'er the perfect whole
From fragments few
Can rise ; lest, in that final morn,
Before the rays of God's high dawn
We melt like dew.

A QUEER DICK.

“OH he’s a man with a mission”—and people smile. Because when one thinks that he has a mission, others think it good evidence of his having none. They infer with some reason that he is of poor abilities; and that he is unpractical, an enthusiast, a man of one idea, they may assume with confidence. It is not supposable that for such there is normally any place in the world’s work. At times they may accomplish something—by their blunders; to onlookers their lives, thoughts and actions are interesting, for they are curious and afford amusement; but to true progress, from the nature of things, they must be encumbrances, and, on the whole, the fewer of them the better. By such a satisfactory bit of generalization can the popular smile be interpreted. But after the smile, the thought may strike one that, as a matter of fact, it is not the generic man with a mission, but the individual specimen with which we have really to do, and, in spite of general truths, our complacent verdict has sometimes to be considerably amended in obedience to the demands of a special case.

In S— bay, five miles or more below the city wharves, lies an island called Great Woe, a long bare swell of pasture and ledge;—about as fitly named as an island could be. Between it and the mainland lie the Woe roads, a thoroughfare for vessels of light draught.

On an evening of last August, the wind, going down with the sun, bid fair to leave two of us there adrift in a cat-boat. So, with the last puffs of the dying breeze, we worked our way into a snug little cove on the landward side of the island. The anchor well down, we busied ourselves, while the light lasted, in making things ship-shape for the night before beginning to enjoy ourselves with tea and talk. Meanwhile, an old fisherman who had watched us from the beach, put off in a dory to have a look at us. It is universal on the water to exchange a word with anyone who comes near. So, when he had finished his circuit of inspection, I began on the subject

of the weather. "Going to have a breeze in the morning?" "Well, prob'ly we might!" with a glance up and around,— "may not though. Sometime moderate for a week in dog-days." Then a silence while he renewed his investigations. The next time he began, "Where's that boat from?" I told him. "Good sea boat!" "Bet she is!" "But she ain't no great on sailin'." I changed the subject. "Is there any place here where I can get some milk to-night?" "Humph! guess so." "Whereabouts?" "Up in the house on shore there—the little one with a light in it. Wouldn't go up there though." "Why not?" I asked. "Talk ye to death!" "Ye see," he continued, with an amused grunt, "ye see he's a queer fish—that feller up there is. He's not chick, nor child wi' him but a lot o' dogs, an' every while or so he takes his boat—that little white one yonder, an' a smart one she is, too—well, he takes her an' goes up to the city an' comes back wi' a lot more." "Does he buy them?" I asked. "No! he goes to the city p'lice court yard, an' he gets 'em as they're brought in to be killed. They're thinnin' 'em out up there these days ye know. An' he'll talk—talk by the hour to them as ketches 'em or anyone as'll hear him. It's all about dogs havin' rights jest like Christian beins an' a' that. He's a queer dick! He's pious, too. I don't count much on dogs myself. Got to have 'em, I s'pose though, 'f ye fish on this island." "Why, is the island his? Does he farm for a living?" said I, as we rowed ashore side by side. "No! but he's boss here. He has charge o' the cattle pastured here. Then he seines wi' that boat o' hisn an' makes shoes atween whiles. Look out for that rock there!" We beached our skiffs and pulled them up above tide mark. Then, with a "good night" to my informant, I climbed the rocky path, jug in hand, bound to get the man's ideas as well as his milk.

A light shone through the open doorway of the house, and, as I approached, I could see the occupant inside at work mending a seine net. That he was a fisherman was plain to me the moment I looked at him, but the same look told of a certain something different from the com-

mon stolidity of his fellows. What it was, a person who had not heard of him would have been at a loss to guess.

"Hey, lad is that ye?" "Whisht, there!" This last was addressed to an audience of full twenty dogs of all sizes and ages, who roused themselves and began to growl as I appeared. "Ye're from the yacht in th' cove, arn't ye?" glancing at my white cap. "I s'posed ye'd be up for somethin'. They allus do. They won't harm ye," he continued, referring to a dozen noses which were suspiciously investigating my trowsers, and at which I was looking a little askance. "They're only curis. Dogs is curis animals. Some people don't like 'em for that reason, 'cause they ain't willin' to take 'em on trust. Now ye snap your fingers at 'em and pretend ye know 'em, and ten to one they'll stand off an' growl at ye. They're not to be cheated into the idea that ye're not a stranger. But sit ye down on that bench while I get yer milk, an' let 'em sniff ye an' make your acquaintance on their own terms, an' I'll warrant ye'll have no trouble."

After a few minutes, during which I underwent inspection and apparently made a not unfavorable impression on the canine mind, he returned with the jug and set it down by the door. "Ye see," said he, beginning again with evident eagerness, "because a dog sniffs or growls or barks, some folks call him a fraud on humanity. Jest's though they didn't do the same themselves an' wi' less reason! What do ye s'pose makes a man eye all his neighbors in a crowd? Why, because in crowds some men will be rascals, an' at fust one can't tell who's who. An' dogs has to find out who's their friends same's ye or I do. Isn't that good cause o' their bein' offish at first? Speakin' of offishness, look here! There's what makes me take comfort in my dogs!" He pointed down to a shepherd dog who had fixed his gaze on his master's face. The animal's eyes were full of a longing that was almost painful. I had watched him while he tried to gain his master's notice. He had scratched with one paw, then with the other; he had uttered low whines; finally he had rested his head on his master's knees and looked, as though he would have charmed him into attending, his tail every

now and then waving despairingly. But when at last he had succeeded in catching his eye, his joy was too great for him. He wriggled with delight and the slow wave changed to such a broad rapid swing that I thought the tail would come off. This commotion drew the attention of all the other dogs and they came too, bound to have a fair share of every caress. It surpassed any of Walter Scott's experiences, I'll venture to say. "That's what makes me take comfort in my dogs," he repeated. "They may be offish to a stranger, but when they do come to know ye an' love ye, they love with jest all their might. There's none o' the critical sperrit in a dog. We're all bad enough, I s'pose, an' men and women, the best of 'em, see things in us they don't like an' it tempers their best friendship. 'T must." "No, I've never had a wife, so I can't jedge that way towards one side or t'other. They ought to have love to give. Some of 'em are beautiful enough. But a dog,—a dog jest pours himself right out. His love is perfect. An' that's somethin' which I anyhow don't expect to find anywhere else in this world."

"I had a dog die—that's the mischief of it; they will die sometimes. I wish at times that I could be the first to go—but then what 'ud they do? They wouldn't know what to make of it! No, no! it's best as it is. Do ye know, it seems to me that that kind o' thing is the saddest but one this whole earth round. If a human has to go, he understands it, he knows what it is for; there is something in him that explains his pain to him an' helps him to bear up. He's master of his pain, aye an' of his death. An' if he's hurt by hap or hate he knows it's an accident or undeserved. He understands the why of it all, an' the understandin' makes it lighter. But to a brute it's all dark. He doesn't know what it means at all. He hasn't got anythin' to bear him up. He knows pain, but he doesn't know what it means, an' when he dies he doesn't know what that means, either. All dark to the poor fellow—dark. An' they needn't tell me that he doesn't think o' these things till they have come. I know he does. Haven't I watched many a one in the last quiver? haven't I seen the last wild bewildered appealin' look that told of

nothin' sure unless, mayhap, their love for me? an' don't I know if any? Oh, there's many a hard thing in this world, but naught worse than this." "You said there was one thing," I suggested. "Aye, lad, there is one thing—one thing sadder than the pain or death o' God's dumb creatures, and that is—to see a human, a man go before his Maker unprepared." As he said these words there was a look in his face which told of something else in the experience of this rough man of feelings, and I did not dare ask what it was.

After a moment of silence he said: "An' all this is what makes me think that perhaps this dyin' is not the end of a dog any more than 'tis of a man. There was a feller come up from a yacht last summer to see my dogs, but when I talked to him about 'em, he pooh-poohed at the whole thing an' said lots of scholars' things to show it couldn't be so. I don't know about his books, but the Bible doesn't say, as I know on, that this *is* the end of 'em, and it doesn't seem like the mighty Lord to give a creature, be he man or beast, such love as he has given a dog, and then take him away to destroy the love he has made, an' rob us hereafter o' the pleasure of receivin' and returnin' it. I ain't no great on books, but I don't see how people, books or no books, can fly in the face of Almighty Love, which cares for every sparrow that falls, as the Bible says, an' say he has no place for 'em in his future plan. Them's the ones mostly as can't see any place for 'em in this present.

"But ye are like enough aweary o' my runnin' on. Lud knows I'm not! I could talk a good bit longer—but another time mayhap—another time! An old man like me, who spends his life in fishin' an' peg-drivin' don't find much to do for his fellow-men, and then too there is plenty who will do that; an' they can do it theirselves, for, don't ye see, they're masters o' theirselves. But a dog, a dog—awell lad, there's nothin' like breakin' your back at the oar when all else are for settin' the boat adrift, an' so I talk to 'em all as I happen to see 'em, especially the young fellers, if mayhap I may help a dog an' them too a bit. An' it isn't all talk in me neither, if I do say it. Many's the dumb animal I've made happy. Good-night,

lad, an' good luck to ye ! Look at the graveyard as ye go down the path ! They're named, every one, an' more'n one beast lies there in peace that 'ud ha' been sassage meat long ere this if it had na' been for old John Tome."

Here was a man with a mission ; yet, when I had told my story to my hungry mate over our ship-bread and milk, strange to say, we neither of us even smiled. N.

IN AUTUMN TIME.

When, where late was Summer's green,
Autumn's gorgeous golden scene
In its richness is displayed
On the hills all bright arrayed,
And the rustling foliage falls,
Carpeting the forest halls,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When the mellow-tinted haze
Of the soft October days,
Like a veil of mazy gauze
Nature o'er her painting draws,
Settles tremulously down
O'er the crimson, gold and brown,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When the wind of Autumn grieves
O'er the falling of the leaves,
And the desolate trees reply
To its melancholy sigh ;
When each sound within the wood
Only deepens solitude,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

When again the time comes round
That I first thy friendship found,
And all lovely hues appear
In this sunset of the year,
As all heaven's beauteous dyes
Mingle in the evening skies,
Then remember one whose heart
Dreads the hour when we must part.

E. W.

A WOMAN OF ITALY.

BUCKLE, after many statistics to prove that, in a given state of society, the same number of offenses against law and order is annually committed, infers the theory that individual morality in a people depends upon the social advancement marking the age in which that people exist. According to this theory, society down to the present day, is divided into strata, each distinguished by certain remains of character, disclosing the condition of different social epochs; and yet, though the geologist can, from the fossil remains of past time, determine what the general features of an age may have been, it is impossible for the historian to declare, from the observation of the relics of character, the moral state of all men who have long ago lived. If he attempts to argue that every figure in a bad age must have been bad, his logic is at fault, for if there have existed Benedict Arnolds, Washingtons have asserted themselves; if there were Lucrezia Borgias, in the same age there have shone Vittoria Calonnas.

As an instance of character, white and unspotted in the midst of a total blackness of morality, the tale of Vittoria Calonna attracts and charms, and the mind is puzzled, when it realizes that of two women subjected to similar influences and playing their parts on the same stage, one can become a Lucrezia Borgia, while the other transforms, into highest virtues, the vices of her time, to which she, in common with her contemporaries, must be heir. The sixteenth century found Italy divided into many petty states, each envious of the other, and, if not occupied with external war, tottering over internal feuds. Several powerful families retained in their control the fat offices in the papal endowment, and, under cover of the scarlet mantle, carried on projects at which the purity revolts. It was an era of social formation when a Pope dared to scheme with his sister to sell his daughter, whom he could with impunity avow to the world, and but a few years before, the horrible spectacle of contests between men and

wild beasts had claimed the attention of a ruler in Italy, and in one instance, this human monster, dissatisfied that the beast had spared the man with whom he had fought, himself went into the arena, and with his own hand, slew the unfortunate whom the merciful beast had refused to destroy.

That in such an age when such crimes went unpunished, when the "vicegerent of Christ upon earth" could without check act in treason to his Master's cause, when in the law of the land, the stiletto rather than the pen was potent—that there could then exist beings pure and true, seems strangely incongruous; and yet Vittoria Calonna did live, and she lived a noble, womanly life.

A member of a powerful family, a woman endowed by nature with great ability, a being possessing great imaginative power, the wife of a soldier powerful with the Spanish conqueror, an ornament of the Papal court, there was no limit to the social power of Vittoria, and the greatest steadfastness of just purpose alone could succeed in maintaining her character free from temptation, and in restraining, from the uses of intrigue and treachery, the ability so lavishly bestowed upon her by nature. But how carefully she chooses her companions from the ranks of the noblest and best, taking by the hand the excellent Veronica Gambara, and spurning the debased Lucrezia Borgia! Speaking of Vittoria and the Gambara, Mrs. Jameson says: "Vittoria seems to have been as lovely, gentle, and feminine a creature as ever wore the form of woman. Veronica, on the contrary, added to her talents and virtues a masculine spirit and strong passions; and happily also, sufficient energy of mind to govern and direct them." These two, after the fashion then in vogue, dabbled in poetry, and in this common interest, with a common reverence for the lover of Laura, rather than for the lover of Beatrice, they formed an intellectual court, composed of the great men of their day, and of which they were the presiding geniuses; but of these geniuses Vittoria was the bright particular star.

How forcibly do these two women and their power remind us of two other women living under the first

Napoleon. Like Vittoria and the Gambara, Madame Récamier and Madame de Stael were bound to each other in firm friendship. Like them they lived in a time of political turmoil and a low moral condition. Each pair possessed great intellectual attainments, and each, for their advanced opinions, suffered banishment. In strong masculinity, Madame de Stael resembled the Gambara, while the Colonna had a counterpart in the lovely and gentle Madame Recamier. Alike in mental endowments and social power, each duo maintained its mimic court, and received distinguished men in their salons; but, in the employment of their talents, the Italians differed grandly from their French sisters.

France, at the beginning of the present century, was Elysium itself compared with the Italy of 1500. The enormities of the French Revolution brought to society no such abhorrent condition as had been endured in Italy under popes of the Borgia and Medici families, and yet de Stael and Récamier, living in a better time, were women of no such goodness, of no such purity as the Colonna and the Gambara. The former sacrificed all for power, and sought to rule even the self-made man, Napoleon. The latter scorned any such scheming, and instead of pushing themselves forward, await, with perhaps a proud consciousness of their own deserts, the homage of men; and if this homage so left the manlike Gambara for the womanly Colonna, that the Gambara was seldom noticed, there is no need of surprise. Yet it is no trivial indication of her high aims that Vittoria should choose for her companion so good a woman as Veronica Gambara; and that, even when the fealty of the worshiping Italian world was given entirely to the Colonna, the friendship between the two should continue as firm as ever.

Let us follow Vittoria through some of the scenes which constituted the routine of her life: She is leaving Rome for her island home in Ischia, and the streets along which she is to pass are thronged, and such is the adulation of which she is the object, that, as she moves along, shouts of pleasure are on all sides heard. Arrived at home, she is soon visited by men of all classes,—poets, painters and

priests: Pole, the subtle cardinal of Bloody Mary, Calvin the Reformer, suffering banishment, and the poet-painter, Michel Angelo—all hovering around the divinity of the Island. Again Vittoria visits a distant kingdom, and while there a prince incurs the hatred of her host because he dares to ask when she will be pleased to visit him. Thus sought after and beloved, in the height of her fame Vittoria is obliged by the awful mandates of the Inquisition, to leave Rome and her grieving friends.

Regarded as a poet, Vittoria Calonna cannot be favorably known in the brilliant glare of the great poets; but, in that age when Dante was comparatively unread and Petrarch was exerting a refining influence over the people of Italy, her poetry bemoaning the death of her husband, was as good, if not better, than any other poetry of her time, and so she acquired her reputation as poet. Trollope has slighted this so-called love-poetry, and he thinks Vittoria was using her husband's name in mere affectation of grief; but when one recalls the inconsolably grief-stricken woman retiring for seven years from the world in which she had been so shining a light, when one recalls the manner in which she rejected any second offers of marriage, and above all, when one remembers the sincerity of her whole life, it is impossible to resist the conviction that Vittoria Calonna was, in her love poetry, sincere. A woman who could sacrifice her adopted son to war, saying that it was her duty to yield him up when his country called; a woman, who, although she was thereby refusing great power and high station, could counsel her husband to refuse a proffered kingdom, the price of which was to be his honor, and allegiance to his king—such a woman would not stoop to the trick of false feeling in verse; and the Calonna is as free from the taint of insincerity as Alfred Tennyson when he wrote "*In Memoriam*."

With singular inconsistency, Trollope, after speaking of the endeavor in every age to gratify ambition at the expense of right, notices a total absence from the mind of Vittoria Calonna "of all recognition of a right and wrong in such matters;" and this he claims in the

face of her advice to Pescara, not to accept a gift, which, while it would have improved his position and hers, would have lost him his honor.

In religious belief the Calonna was far beyond her time. Though she never left its fold, Roman Catholicism fettered her conscience; and the theory of Calvin was examined by her with deep attention and a satisfaction comforting to herself. She yearned for a belief purer than that of her ancestors, and the first woman in Italy to dissent from the teachings of the Church of Rome, by the heavy hand of the Inquisition, she was banished from the Eternal City.

It is with neither her poetic power nor religious belief, but with her woman's self, that we are delighted, and we can only wonder, that in a dark age, subjected to temptations under which men and women fell, Vittoria Calonna remained good and true, and was sought in companionship by men the shining lights of their age and of all time, shedding her influence over the Calvin, and Michel Angelo. As a beautiful type of the perfect womanly nature, rounded and polished by art, few characters of History or Fiction can compare with Vittoria Calonna.

R.



A ROSE.

Tell me, Rosebud ! Why art thou blushing ?
Dost thou remember
The fingers slender
That deftly touched thee without crushing ?
Or of ruby lips art thou dreaming ?
Or of eyes tender,
With radiant splendor
Rivalling stars in heaven beaming ?
Or dost thou think of the sun's golden ray,
When at morn he sips
The dew on thy lips,
That glistens like tears in the eyes of a fay ?

Δ.

NOTABILIA.

THIS year for the first time the LIT. medal has been withheld. Of course the judges could assign but one cause for their action, the poorness of the pieces in competition. That the four classes contain many, who could have preserved the list of LIT. prize men unbroken, is not to be doubted. It is noticeable that all the essays handed in showed unmistakable evidences of haste and lack of care. While the board is loth to be compelled to disappoint the contestants, it must be understood that the prize is offered with the sole purpose of encouraging all, who are desirous of literary culture, to do their utmost to find success. We trust that next year the gentlemen, who are kind enough to devote their time to the never pleasant task of examining the competing essays will not have their patience tried by a half score or more of old done-over compositions. Far from disheartening those who have faithfully done their best this fall and have not been successful, the present discouragement will doubtless operate as a powerful stimulus to draw forth their best energies in a future contest.

DELIGHTFUL ever will be the memory of this beautiful long Indian summer to everyone save the bookworm and—the freshman; not that we mean to heap any further obloquy upon the head of that poor sufferer. In the case of the majority of us, who are sojourning in this abode of elms, full three years are requisite to impart to our minds an appreciation of the rural beauties of the suburbs. A ramble through the Connecticut valleys of this region is therefore a rather prosaic affair, until senior year—that “sovereign balm for every wound”—causes us to see things as we should, and thereby inspires in us the true love for nature, whose chief characteristic is an enthusiasm, that bleak hillsides, verdureless meadows, stunted

woods, alternating with stony heaths and water courses devoid of music, serve only to heighten. How often in contemplating these tokens of nature's bounty have we sighed, as we envied the enthusiast! At length, however, the right feeling has been born in us; or is it that we have simply reached the goal of the modern youth, indifference? Perhaps it is so, though we do not know whether to express pain or pleasure at the thought. No, as we reflect in the quiet of our study-chamber, we cannot but acknowledge that our rambles have gained their pleasure-giving features from our own thoughts and not from our observations. One exception we are forced to admit. Thanks to nature for the sea, even though it be in the form of a sound. When rushing swiftly or gliding gently over the waves to the music of motion, then it is that even within sight of this humdrum spot we have found ourselves in communion with our first mother.

"AH, ha! Notabilus. That you? Come in. I am glad to see you. Sit down. On your monthly visit, I presume." "Yes, Quercus, I have deserted my study once more for the sake of an old time chat. What have you to say upon your favorite topic?" "Athletics? Oh! just the same story. I told you a month ago we were sure to vanquish Harvard, and we have done it too in all but name. By the way, you have seen their latest explanation?" "The complaint in their papers. Yes. Rather a new venture, I think." "Not at all. One of their old tricks. But to change to a less trite subject with the single observation that the fifteen are working like heroes in the hope of beating Princeton, have you been down to see the crew row of late?" "No, I cannot say I have. I have been so busy recently. You see, my dear Quercus, we paper men are so continually pressed, that although we like to see a race won, are willing to subscribe and all that, we hardly can be expected to devote much time to watching the practice of either boating or ball men." "Bosh! you will pardon me for saying it, Notabilus, you

are all wrong. You are giving expression to the chief fallacy of most of our college men, and are neglecting the fundamental idea of our Yale culture." "I hardly catch your meaning, I fear." "Well, I will explain. Tell me, how do you expect to realize the benefit of a wide culture, unless you take an interest in everything prominent here. You say you write passably, you are winning a fair stand, you read considerably, you sing indifferently, once in a while you spend an hour in drumming on the piano, scratching away at the fiddle or puffing wind through a cornet. Well and good. But how about your body. Oh! you indulge in a constitutional nearly every day. That all? No. Now you are a Senior, whenever unconscious of their nursery character you join in a half hour at the childish top or roly-boly. Thus far and no farther your exertions and your active sympathy extend. Well, you are in the wrong. Stop, I do not say you can row and play ball and come with perfect safety within an inch of snapping the cord of life on the trapeze, but this you can do, become interested in these sports. How, you say? Why cultivate the acquaintance of the athletic men and learn something of their art. I tell you it will broaden you, smile as you please. Do this and your influence will spread and you need no more write long harangues on the "Decline of interest in boating," and the like. Yes, and our other individualists—one of my pet words, you understand me, of course—would do well to transcend their special spheres and while devoting no less energy to their own pursuits, ball, boating, study, whichever you please, by contact with those of other tastes learn to appreciate one another's enthusiasm. "I think you are right, my dear Quercus, and it may not yet be too late to improve. Ah, my bed-hour, good night, and success to your sermonizing."

A MEMORABLE term this for two, if for no other reasons, for '80's victory, not at Saltonstall, but over the faculty, that hitherto unvanquished body, and for the final estab-

lishment of, we are assured, the greatest advantage of the course, the Art Optional. Yes, to the electrification of the New Haven world—so a would-be art devotee informs us—and to the everlasting glory of Yale, the pet idea of '79, the fond hope of many an idler, the nursling of our modest young contemporary, the *Courant*, has at length emerged from its chrysalis state in the realm of brain, and Minerva-like has sprung forth a full blown reality. Now we have it, what are we intending to do with it? Of a truth it will afford a fine opportunity for the display of our small stock of what we are proud to call aesthetic culture, whenever chance shall transport us into a company of self-pronounced educated twaddle talkers. No doubt it will prove the cradle for many an ardent, mistaken genius. To the dispirited art faculty it in all probability will exist as the chief means of alluring a few more spendthrifts or half-witted innocents to squander their quarter-dollars under the delusion that with such a casket as the Art Building, the jewels within must indeed be priceless. Further than this it is not possible to penetrate the mist which enshrouds the advantages of the new optional. As something gained from the powers above, to be sure it is to be prized. It is one more evidence of the progress of liberty here. We must not fail to appreciate that each gain strengthens us in our struggle against the aristocracy of mind that rules us.

THERE is one decree of our divinities which still exists as a remnant of antiquated folly and rigor. In days of old it was doubtless a very righteous act to compel every one to put in an appearance at chapel on the Sabbath after Thanksgiving Day. When railroads were few and coaches were the lightning expresses, it would have shocked the Puritan farmers to see on a Sunday bands of reckless young men *en route* for this stern old college town. The moral sense of the community demanded the law, and whether or not the unfortunate decree in question was the result of any such demand, it certainly was needed

then if at all. In this noble age, however, of which learning, progress, license, and unpunished crime are so characteristic, what can be the use of this rule. Even the stock Sunday-traveling objection to its abolishment has no force now. It is simply arbitrary, and serves but poorly to ensure full recitation rooms at the first college exercise—an object which could far more easily be accomplished by imposing severe marks for absence. Its chief effect is to force us back to spend one day in idleness, when we could gain much more profit and enjoyment by employing it elsewhere.

WE cannot lay down the pen without one word as to the pleasures of this week. Three days of rest, the foot ball match and the Thanksgiving dinner, are more than we can afford to pass over without mention. The effects of the former will appear in the coming examinations; in regard to the second more hereafter, but inasmuch as we cannot make any promises with respect to the period, which will succeed our struggle with the latter, what we have to say must be said before that doughty champion is vanquished by or overcomes us. Those who are to visit their homes can form by anticipation some idea of the joys which await them; those who intend to stay here will appreciate the value of quiet contemplation and—we hope—a ventral compartment replete with delicacies. Though it has been in direct antagonism with modern taste, we have always sympathized with the enjoyment taken by the ancient heroes in their prolonged feastings. A short season of pure animal pleasure is a wonderful specific for all the ills of a life of severe brain toil. Our best wishes, then, for three days of good hearty enjoyment to all.

PORTFOLIO.

—I had the pleasure of reading Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*, and with a companion whose quick feminine perceptions came to the aid of my duller ones, and read a new beauty into that pathetic tale. We had finished the picture painted in the clear cool colors, perfect in every shade absolute and relative, which Mr. Arnold lays with such a sure touch:—Iseult of Brittany telling to her children the legend of Merlin and Vivian. After a moment's silence I idly wondered of the poet's motive, and compared the "spell of waving wands" and that of the charmed cup—working, the one imprisonment of the body, the other of the soul,—in the usual mechanical interpretation the logical male intellect delighteth in. I detected a dangerous gleam in my lady's eye—dangerous, though she had so long laid by the roses of her belleshship that there were silver threads in her still lovely hair:—years only add new charms to these social queen-dowagers when they keep young at heart. Those clear bright eyes looked at me with a smile in them that provoked a question and perhaps a little vexation. "Don't try to force one of your wooden symmetries into place here, Will. Vivian is no creature to be interpreted by Nature-myths and Aryan roots. She is alive to-day." There was again a moment's quiet while the dry leaves moved slowly as if drawn by invisible threads across the piazza floor, and the smile dropped from her eyes to her lips. I felt sure that some memory passed by too, but what she was thinking of I could not divine, and her next words went on with the commonplace of talk, "Yes, if she can only find her Merlin. Not even you, with all your college wisdom, will develop that. You will fall to the lot of some less appropriative beauty. But there are Merlins, and if they meet their Vivians, why there is so much the less wisdom in the world, that is all. You have read *Middlemarch*? I suppose you consider Dorothea the victim, but you are quite wrong. No enchantment can provide such utter vanishing as that clear-eyed, penetrating young Madonna wrought in her guileless fashion. Ugh, she chills me. To be transmuted into airy nothingness must have been trying to a Merlin and a Casaubon alike. But one sees

such people. If they had their will there would be nothing left of us. They ride rough-shod over one's very entity. I always feel that if the modern Vivians had their way society would be reduced to elements of admirable simplicity; unless their final satisfaction brought about a result analogous to that which befell the Kilkenny cats."

—If I were an artist I would paint a picture: a western sky without a cloud, filled with a twilight which just suffices to disclose its own existence, and blurs the shadows cast from the crescent moon; underneath, an horizon of water, broken where, in the distance, the advancing ground-swell shows its massiveness, as it heaves up against the light. Nearer more than the outline may be seen; the long, dark slope, smooth as oiled, the patch of drift-weed swayed upward on its bosom; beyond, a deeper dark suggesting the hidden hollow, and still farther back, the rounded summit of the following wave, reflecting the pale western glow of a patch of brighter light under the moon. On the crest and just settling back into the trough behind, as the roller moves out from under her, a blunt fishing smack, with sails, all baggy, stayed out on either side. The mainsail-foot, tossed up by the unsteady swing of the hull, is showing the stern for a moment, and in it the figures of a man and boy, dark silhouettes upon the sky. The leisurely lifted fly at the masthead and the phosphorescent gleam from the cutwater, as the uplifted bow settles again, tell that the boat is slowly moving landward before the gentle evening air. I say, if I had the skill, I would paint this. I will frankly admit, however, that the idea is not original. It is what always comes before me when I hear sung the following familiar lullaby:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go!
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon ;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

I should be only a copyist. The creation would be Tennyson's—and Barnby's.

—It is the first article in the creed of the Yale malcontent (and he is in a melancholy majority) to abuse the Faculty ; the second to find satirical fault (caustic fellow that he is!) with New Haven society :—which is good reason for not doing it here. Not that I am so Quixotic as to take up arms against the ungente knight. My collective Dulcinea would probably scorn my *devoirs* more peremptorily than she of Tobosa. What set me on the subject was a groan that startled me amid my smoky musings the other night with an expression of my bitterness of soul. In truth, in what Swedenborg calls my "internals" reigned profound disquiet, which neither my cigar nor the open fire before which I sat (*vide* all the emanations from South for years in evidence that this is the correct literary posture) could allay. As I was saying, I was in the dumps. My affectionate aunt Tabitha had invited me (in a letter a perfect archipelago of capitals) to Spend the approaching Holidays at her Rural Abode, and I was recalling my former experience of society in a small New England village—in winter. *Hinc illae lacrimae*. To turn from my personal woes, from a disinterested and scientific point of view I should like to see what the newspapers love to call "an exhaustive monograph" on Village Society. Why the items of *quantum suff.* (for one) of really pretty girls, sufficiently well educated, as disinclined to plain sewing and preserves as heart could wish, plus the ordinary social filling of papas, mammas and small brothers (none of which can be wholly eliminated) should ever give a sum-total of such leaden monotony, passeth knowledge. Isn't the reason partly subjective? Of all charming acquaintances the most charming is she who makes you surprised at your own brilliancy, though of course you take care never to express that surprise. The brilliant woman who extinguishes you without meaning it, is as hard to pardon as the mild one who quickly reduces you to a social imbecile. Why New England villages should be the special abode of the last-named types, who can say? Is there a process of natural

selection which transplants those rarely gifted ones to a better sphere? That is our hypothesis. Another is after a physical analogy; that the narrow limits, social and local, effect a speedy and disastrous neutralization of character-elements, and one finds only a single type, but slightly modified by individuality. Or, to complete this theoretical triad—does the fault lie with myself?

—Accidental sequence in reading brought together two books with no little happiness of contrast to my mind. Yet Turgénief's *On the Eve*, and the anonymous *A Man's a Man for a' That*, seem to be very remote from one another. Human nature, however, is deeper than nationality; and intensely Russ as Turgénief is in one sense, in all others he is grandly cosmopolitan. Thus the spheres of these two tales intersect in a common region of high and pure love. Ellen is Shakesperian in the power and oneness of her passion. Tender as Juliet, she rises far higher in the sweep of her self-devotion; before the clear flame of her purpose all conventionalities melt away and the commonplace is transmuted into the rarest poetic essence. The plane reached is too high to permit return to the well-being of everyday mortals, and the tragic mystery of the end is made inevitable. That all this is not true in the same degree of Agnes Condelet needs not to be said; here the whole story moves on a lower and more familiar level. But there is an unfortunate sense of discordance in the high aloofness of pure passion which marks the first half of the story and the *finale* of wordly success and affluence that comes as something sordid, however desirable. But if Raphael can have erred in making his masterpiece two pictures on one canvas, I suppose a parallel blunder can be pardoned lesser artists. The point where mutual light is thrown is the masterly severance of the heroines from the prosaic and unideal,—in each case without sacrifice of actuality. They remain tangible flesh and blood, subject to all material conditions, rendered lovely by physical graces,—always adorably individual. *En passant*, one regrets that so much entertaining talk on æsthetic and social problems should be allowed to distract from so admirable a study of the high-bred American. A postscriptal collection of essays would have been welcome for the brilliant thought, and this could easily dispense with the plot which it now encumbers so seriously.

In such depiction of character the Russian artist is, of course, the unchallenged master, but the comparison is not wholly derogative to our countryman.

—One is more than half inclined to believe in the power of spells, the magic of mere words such as one finds wielded to such purpose in the *Arabian Nights*. At least, I do when I have been haunted for days, yes, weeks and months, by some unhappy couplet that has rung its changes to every thought and action. I really have, at times in after reflections, seemed to myself to detect a moulding, as though by the lightest, airiest of fairy fingers, of my mental processes by certain of these uncanny visitants. If spells, they are certainly bound and loosed by some unknown power. If one's most approved tastes thus asserted themselves, I would not complain so much, but when across the flow of an eloquent speaker drifts in my would-be absorbed mind the startling statement that

"They need no parasols, no galoshes,
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them,"

I am struck anew with the innate folly of the human mind—and the sinfulness of clever parodies. Swinburne's alliterative, sensuous verse—as near pure music as rhythm can come—rings in one's ears with a desperate tenacity. Catch the movement of this from his *Garden of Proserpine*:

"Pale beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal,
With cold immortal hands.
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's, who fears to greet her,
To men who mix and meet her
From many times and lands."

Or again:

"Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long."

That deftly shortened final line ruined my peace of mind once for weeks. Tennyson has much of this weird, sweet charm of words. His comparatively little read *Vision of Sin* has in its

second canto—if the divisions can be so termed—one of the most perfect embodiments of motion in measured words that I have ever seen; I am sorry it is too long to quote. The *Lotos-eaters* shows a bewitching weaving of subtly varying measure and rhyme. One in very truth seems

“ To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro’ the thick-twined vine;
To watch the emerald-color’d water falling
Thro’ many a wov’n acanthus-wreath divine.”

If I have saddled some of my rhythmical Old Men of the Sea on the shoulders of your memory, unsuspecting reader, I may be set free. But I pity you. However, every slave has his own particular master.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The editors regret to announce that the

Lit. Prize Medal

For this year was not awarded. The judges reported that among the competing essays there was none of sufficient merit to justify them in awarding it the prize. The standard of the essays was deplorably low compared with that of other years. The following is a list of the subjects: 1. *Æschylus and the Prometheus*; 2. *The Battle of Cannae* (a poem); 3. *Bismarck*; 4. *Charles Kingsley*; 5. *The Child of the Waters*. 6. *The Empire of Silence*; 7. *Lantaro*; 8. *The Literature of Knowledge and the Literature of Power*; 9. *Montaigne*; 10. *The Prison of our Life*; 11. *Sir Charles Montague*; 12. *The Sword of Damocles* (handed in too late). The committee consisted of Prof. Sumner, Mr. Robbins, and A. B. Nichols, chairman of the board. The authors can recover their essays

by calling at 134 Farnam within the next two weeks, after which time the essays will be destroyed, with the envelopes unopened. Subjects for the

John A. Porter Prize Essay

Were announced Nov. 1, as follows: 1. English Law of Landlord and Tenant, and the Agrarian Trouble; 2. Athletism and Morality Historically Considered; 3. Strength and Weakness of our Present Jury System; 4. Froude's Estimate of the Character of Cicero; 5. Goethe's Influence upon Modern Thought; 6. The Modern Realistic School of Literature; 7. Art as an Expression of National Character; 8. The Sources of our National Unity. Competing essays must be sent to the office of the *New Englander* by May 26, 1880, signed with an assumed name and accompanied by an envelope containing the real and indorsed with the assumed name.

Linonia

Began its sessions for this college year on Oct. 29. The society has voted to give a series of lectures like those delivered under its management last year. Just one week before had been held the usual

Fall Athletic Games,

In which prizes were given as follows: 100 yards dash—J. Moorhead, '80 S. S. S. Tug of war—Class of '83. Half-mile run—T. D. Cuyler, '82. Mile run—T. D. Cuyler, '82. Five-mile run—M. G. Norton, L. S. The season in

Foot Ball

Began Saturday, Nov. 1, with a practice game at Hoboken against the University of Pennsylvania, which resulted in the success of Yale by three goals and five touchdowns to nothing. On the following Saturday, Nov. 8, the game with Harvard was played at Hamilton Park, and Harvard did better than she has done against Yale since '75, by preventing defeat, though she did not obtain victory. No goals nor touchdowns were

made by either side. Harvard touched down for safety eight times and Yale thrice. The participating teams were: Yale—*forwards*: Hull, '82; Beck, '83; Vernon, '81; Lamb, '81; Harding, '80; Remington, A. S.; Eaton, '82; Moorhead, '80 S. S. S.; *half backs*: Badger, '82; Camp, '80; Peters, '80; Clark, '80; *three-quarter back*: Bacon, '81; *backs*: Lyman, '82; Nixon, '81. Harvard—*forwards*: Morse, Manning, L. Cushing, Brooks, Warren, Tebbets, Thacher, Nickerson; *quarter back*: Bacon; *half backs*: Winsor, Austin; *three-quarter back*: Cabot; *backs*: Leatherbee, Shattuck. Judge for Yale, McHenry, '80; for Harvard, Houston. Referee, Ballard of Princeton. Captain Camp immediately challenged the Harvard team to play another game at any time and place; but they refused. The game of the next Saturday, Nov. 15, was with Rutgers at Hamilton Park, and was won by Yale, five goals and three touchdowns to nothing. The plan for a

Graduates' Advisory Committee

Was presented to the university by the preliminary committee at a joint meeting of the athletic associations, Nov. 7, and was adopted, in the following form: 1. The committee is purely advisory. 2. The boat club, foot ball, and base ball presidents are members *ex officio*. 3. The alumni are free to prescribe the mode of election and the number of the graduate members. It is believed that the New Haven and New York alumni associations will each choose the same small number of members for the committee of this year; it is uncertain whether the committee will thereafter be elective or self-perpetuating. The first

President's Reception

Of the season was given by President Porter at his residence on Monday evening, Nov. 17. It was attended by a considerable number of seniors, who were introduced by the ushers, W. B. Boomer, E. W. Knevals, and W. C. Witherbee, '80, and C. M. Ingersoll, '80 S. S. S. A few

Items

Complete our Record for this month: The *Pot-Pourri* was issued Nov. 1, by D. W. Richards and Grant A. Smith, '80. —Mr. E. S. Dana has been appointed assistant professor of natural philosophy in the Academical Department, Dr. Francis Bacon, professor of clinical surgery, and Dr. W. H. Carmalt, of ophthalmology in the Medical Department. —J. A. Amundson, '80, J. E. Newcomb, '80, and H. C. White, '81, have been appointed to manage the Linonia course of lectures. —The statistician's questions were distributed to the senior class Nov. 15. —The Thanksgiving Jubilee was represented this year by a praise service in Battell Chapel, Sunday evening, Nov. 23.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Clockmaker. Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville. By Thomas Chandler Haliburton. New York: American Book Exchange. pp. xi., 271. Cloth, 50 cents, postage 6 cents.

Sam Slick delighted a former generation, and there is that in his sayings and doings, which, as he bows again to the public, should make him please now. Quaint, shrewd, witty, go-ahead, he contributed more than anyone else, fictitious or real, to give the prevailing idea of Yankee character. The writer was a Nova-Scotian, and his object seems to have been to stir up the people of his province from their shiftlessness and dullness into something like activity. The keen observation and stinging wit of the itinerant clockmaker was well calculated to do this. A fair specimen of the style is Slick's description of the way in which people who have a short errand to do will spend hours in trying to catch a horse that they may not be compelled to walk. "By this time, I presume, they are all pretty well tired, and Bluenose, he goes and gets all the men folks in his neighborhood, and catches his beast, as they do a moose arter he is fairly run down; so he runs fourteen miles, to ride two, because he is in a tarnation hurry. Its e'enamost equal to eatin' soup with a fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails; it's only one horse a man can ride out of half a dozen, arter all. One has no shoes, t'other has a colt, one ain't broke, another has a sore back, while a fifth is so eternal cunnin', all Cumberland couldn't catch him, till winter drives him up to the barn for food." The book is a storehouse of Yankee wit and anecdote.

The present reprint unites two very desirable qualities: neatness in make-up and cheapness in price.

A Bundle of Papers. By Paul Siegvolk, author of "Walter Ashwood." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 326. Price \$1.25.

The book before us treats of familiar subjects familiarly and pleasantly, it is enjoyable, readable, and if read with attention full of many little passages of witty remark and wise reflection. At a first casual perusal one carries away bits of thought that subsequently thrust themselves upon the mind and challenge a more attentive reading. An article entitled, My Friend Bosworth Field, descriptive of freshman life at Yale over thirty years ago, particularly commends itself to those whose like experiences are yet fresh upon them. The author is a Yale man of '42, and speaks with the truth of an eye-witness. It would be desirable to go more into detail, but that being impossible we can only say, "You will find somewhere in the book that which will repay the reading of it."

The Value of Life: A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, "Is Life Worth Living?" New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 253. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

A fine specimen of replication, in which are thoroughly exposed all the weak points in Mr. Mallock's argument, the crudity and superficialness of

his knowledge in many cases, and his flighty rhetoric out of place in considering so serious a question. The first part consists of an exhaustive analysis of Mallock's work. Then comes the main discussion, which, while eminently successful in showing the utter inconsequence of the extraordinary conclusion to which Mr. Mallock would lead us, is not so successful in establishing the Positivist doctrines.

Studies in German Literature. By Bayard Taylor. With an introduction by George H. Boker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. vii., 418. \$2.25. For sale by Judd.

It was altogether fitting that one whose youthful experiences took their first definite form in Germany, whose love for the country and its literature is as well known as his name, should have planned a work upon a subject that had occupied so much of his best thought and attention. And it is to be regretted that the author did not live to carry his work to that perfect completion which he desired. However, the editors did well in publishing the manuscript just as he left it. Originally prepared for a course of lectures to the students of Cornell University, the material was to have been recast for publication in book form. These "Studies" serve as a very attractive introduction to the literature of Germany, by one who knew whereof he wrote. It is an outline of the progress of that literature from the period of the rude tribes along the Rhine to Goethe, whom the author calls, "The god who sits alone on the summit of the German Parnassus."

Too much praise cannot be given to the publisher's share in the present work. The binding, paper, type are all that could be desired.

A Manual of International Law. By Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., President and Professor of Moral and Political Science in the College for Deaf Mutes, Washington, D. C. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago, and New Orleans. pp. xx., 321. \$1.50.

The writer's object is "to present within a moderate compass the principles of International Law, as recognized in the civilized world at the present time." The work opens with an historical sketch of the subject from the times of the ancients to the present, dividing this period into seven epochs. Then are discussed in successive chapters, the "General Principles and Sources of International Law," "Essential Attributes of a State," "Rights, Powers, and Duties of States in a Time of Peace," the same in time of war, and "Neutrality." Of special interest is the treatment of the nationality of persons, and of extradition. Under the latter head, to quote a recent case, the surrender of Tweed by Spain is noticed. The table of contents is very full and satisfactory.

Some Newspaper Tendencies. An Address delivered before the Editorial Associations of New York and Ohio. By Whitlaw Reid. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50. pp. 76. For sale by Judd.

This Address has been received with universal favor. Its treatment of the revolutions that have taken place in the editorial profession, of the management of the Press as a business enterprise, of the dangerous tendencies which threaten it, and of the lines along which its progress will be made, is above praise. In style, simple; in statement, clear; its conclusions are not to be resisted.

Life of Mahomet. By Edward Gibbon, with notes by Dean Milman and Dr. William Smith. New York : American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman st. 16mo, 236 pp. Price 35 cents, by mail 40 cents.

This little volume forms one of the edition of standard Biography, published by this deservedly popular house. It is in substance the celebrated fiftieth chapter of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," together with many valuable additions in the form of notes by the veteran historians, Drs. Milman and Smith. In style of paper, type and binding the book is all that can be desired, while its cheapness is remarkable. It forms one other instance of the great benefits which the publishers are conferring upon lovers of good reading by placing works of undoubted merit within the means of everyone.

Citizens' and Travelers' Guide Map in, to, and from the City of New York and Adjacent Places. C. W. Hobbs, New York. Price 10 cents. For sale by T. H. Pease & Son.

Clear, distinct, handy, well gotten up in every way. An excellent feature is the distance circles drawn about City Hall as a center.

RECEIVED.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1880. With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

No. 1, volume 1, of *The School of Mines Quarterly* comes to us this month as a new departure in college journalism. It is a purely scientific periodical conducted by students, and its matter mostly composed of the results of original investigations by students. As such we extend it a hearty greeting, and wish it all success. We read with much interest the articles, "Coffee and Its Adulterations," and "Building Stones—Their Properties and Uses."

We do not exchange with the *Niagara Index*, but it has afforded us a good deal of amusement to watch the variety and the extent of the criticism that has been lavished by our exchanges, since the beginning of the year, upon that, as far as we can judge, fiery little paper. It is variously described as "donning the war-paint and feathers," "brandishing the tomahawk," "advancing with fire in its eye," and unfurling as its motto, "no quarter given." Yet, strange to say, not even the most timid of our exchanges is afraid to tackle the *Index*. It serves as the never-failing subject of sarcastic remarks. The veriest tyro of an editor has here something on which to try his 'prentice hand. However modest, he feels that upon it he may safely look down with contempt. But, nevertheless, in spite of this general superiority to itself, the *Index* succeeds in goading into a fury even so substantial a paper as the *Chronicle*, by speaking in one breath of it "and the thousand and one other Western High School papers." The *Chronicle* proceeds to knock it down in a paragraph beginning, "The egotism of some small fry journals is stupendous." The *Record*, too, felt called upon, in its first issue, to annihilate the poor thing by likening it to "a hen with its head cut off—crazy." And along nearly the whole line of our exchanges we have noticed evidences of a similar call. The *Index* mocks the murderous attack by being too obtuse to acknowledge itself whipped, and by paying back each one with interest. Among them all, we venture to assert that not one enjoys the fray so much as that same *Index*. Would you annihilate it effectually, leave it severely alone to devote itself to the interests of the Mutual Admiration Society of Two that it has formed with the *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

The college well-and-pump trouble is spreading. The *Brunonian* complains that a hole in the ground does not constitute a well, especially not when "that all-important factor the water has been drawn off by the ruthless hand of the Irishman." The *Orient* remarks forcibly enough of the water in the wells of Bowdoin, that "not even cattle would drink it."

The *Haverfordian* appears to be a paper of promise and we willingly grant its request to exchange. Its article reviewing Mallock's literary career has the right ring.

The *College Argus* has at last worked itself into a state of excitement over something. In two issues, four columns at a time, it attacked the village Tammanys, and insisted on the student's right to vote. The *Era* also has grappled profoundly with the same subject, quoting both law and the judge.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to

NOVEMBER, 1879.

[Vol. XLV.]

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